

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 306.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1837.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## ANATOMY OF EGOTISM.

THE first grand form of egotism is expressed by the word itself, a frequent use of the pronoun I. One addicted to the vice in this broad and gross form perpetually talks of himself, his doings, his opinions, his experiences. I am so and so; I usually act so and so; I think thus; I have always found such and such to be the case. It is the language of self-esteem, naturally great, fostered by education, or unchastised by knowledge of the world. Few, however, are guilty of egotism in this its most palpable shape. The literary nobleman who was told that his work was stopped at press from an exhaustion of the capital I's, was an oddity of rare occurrence. The flattery of self and injustice to others are there too striking to be overlooked by people of tolerable sense. They know, besides, that the pronoun is in bad odour, and that the world are on the watch to detect it. They know that they will be at once pronounced *egotists*, if they use it indiscreetly. They therefore resort to a great number of by-ways, by which they may gratify their passion, without, as they think, incurring the charge of egotism.

One of the most common modes of getting a sly indulgence of egotism, is to take advantage of some real or imaginary, earnest or jocular, charge against one's self, in order to bring up a defence.

Some trivial imputation has been made respecting a public man, in a journal, or at an open meeting, or in conversation. It was so trifling, perhaps, that no one thought of it at the time, or remained afterwards in the least affected by it. The reputation of the party continued exactly as before. But all this is either unperceived or wilfully overlooked by the party. He is an egotist. Here is an opportunity for a little of what he thinks justifiable prate about himself. Out then comes, to the surprise of the world, a laboured vindication in speech or in print. He describes himself as the last person in the world to find fault with a fair licence in public discussions. But when motives are imputed, when character is at stake, then indeed it becomes absolutely necessary for a man to look about him. He then exaggerates the charge to its utmost possible extent, and, in repelling it, enters into a minute view of all the proceedings in his life, or features in his character, to which he thinks it can possibly be held to apply. To all of these he adverts in terms of affected humility, and with many an apology for troubling the public with them; all the time that he delights in the opportunity of bringing them forward, and actually brings forward many that have nothing to do with the case, but which he has long regretted to see reposing in obscurity. In fact, a little charge against a man of this sort becomes an opportunity for his giving vent to all the reflections about himself, and all the self-congratulations that have presented themselves to his mind, since he last wrote or spoke on the subject. In the literary world, such things, or even less, have given occasion for whole autobiographies. The greatest injury that can be done to such men, is never to treat them with any injustice.

In light conversation, a particular individual present is jestingly glanced at. Some trifle of error or frailty, light as air, is imputed. He is an egotist. Here is fair occasion, as he thinks, for a little talk about himself. We then hear a vindication similar to that above described, except that it is made in only half serious terms. A long array of habits and points of character, the reverse of what was imputed, is set forward. "I am not just so bad a character as you think. I never do this. I never speak in such a manner. My sentiments are surely the

opposite of these. Whenever I wish to do any such thing, I go about it this way. Whatever I have to say of any one, I say it that way." And much more to the like purpose. At the second or third occurrence of any such imputation, there are slight variations of the defence. "You see how I am used. That good friend of mine is constantly attacking me. Am I never to be let alone? You will find, after all, there are worse persons in the world than I." In time it is seen that imputations upon such a person are like the letting out of waters; and people begin to take care, lest, by three words of casual badinage, they should bring themselves in for an hour of the Niagara of pitiless egotism. But though such caution may be necessary for the comfort of the many, it is the height of cruelty to the one. To leave such a person quite unblamed, is to condemn him to an obscurity and silence almost too painful to be borne by persons of his disposition.

Another mode of getting a good deal of unchallengeable indulgence in egotism, is to limit the exhibition of it strictly to certain particular occasions which call it forth. Thus, when one person casually mentions a circumstance in his life, or a peculiarity of his feelings, or any one of his habits, the egotist can take occasion to follow it up with some circumstance in his life, or some peculiarity in his feelings, or some one of his habits, that is, or seems to be, similar, or what is quite as likely, the opposite. The first individual having made reference to himself, the second appears to be quite fair in doing the same thing. The difference is, that, in the first, it is incidental to the conversation, and therefore allowable; while, in the second, it is a system practised cunningly for a selfish end, or, at the best, is a bad unconscious habit. The amount of egotism thus passed off as good fair coin of the realm of conversation, is immense. The conversation, or rather discourse, of many persons, is almost entirely confined to such personal revelations, always apparently brought on by something that is passing, and more or less relative to that something, but useless and tiresome in the last degree, as referring only to the feelings and history of one person, and brought forward only for the gratification of that one, instead of for the general service. The practisers of this species of egotism may be described as an industrious and pains-taking set. They do not get much at a time, but they make up for this by the frequency of their enjoyments. They may be said to take the sweet draught in sips. In the social circle we may often observe that the number of willing speakers exceeds the number of willing listeners. What one says is not perhaps interrupted; but, immediately on his having finished, another goes on to develop his ideas, in such a style as to show that he has not paid the slightest attention to his predecessor. The object of each seems to be to impress by what he says, rather than to profit by what he hears. In such cases it will generally be found that the discourse is very much composed of egotistical revelations of opinion and experience which each man enjoys in himself, but not in any other body.

There is a class of oblique egotists, who gain their point by affecting to undervalue or disparage themselves. "I never could pretend to so and so." "We are not people of that kind, who do so and so—we have no regard for such things—we have no wish to indulge in such and such tastes." "For my part, to be quite candid, I never could see the merit which other people find in that work—it may be blindness or want of taste in me; but I cannot help it." Such are very common forms of this species of egotism, the speaker of course being filled with pride and self-gratulation, all the time he affects to be sensible of deficiencies. Among

the opponents of improvement, it is common, when something new is praised or something old condemned, to commence some such harangue as this—"Well, it may be all very true; but I am one of those old-fashioned people who do not think that the world has been altogether wrong hitherto, and who still believe there is some virtue in such and such things"—said things always, of course, enjoying some protection from the general sentiment, so that, in professing to be old-fashioned enough to adhere to them, the speaker knows very well, that, instead of being ridiculed, he will be applauded. Whenever any man begins with "I am an old-fashioned person," or "I am old-fashioned enough," his friends may be quite prepared for something monstrously stupid and conceited. It is the grand refuge of barbarism. The best way to treat egotists of this order would be to take them bluntly at their word. When they say, "I cannot pretend to taste," answer, "It would certainly be very absurd if you did." When they say, "It may be blindness which prevents me from seeing the merit of that popular author," answer, "Well, I dare say you are right." And when any Vandal tells you he is old-fashioned enough to prefer darkness to light, tell him, in reply, that certainly he is very old-fashioned.

There is yet another class, who contrive to exercise and enjoy a very considerable quantity of egotism, by shifting the personality from themselves to their relations. Ancestors and progeny are alike made the stalking-horses in this case. A man who would be ashamed to call attention expressly to himself, thinks himself at liberty to launch forth into panegyric upon his forefathers or his parents, the act appearing to him simply one of justice to those individuals, while it is in reality a means of raising his own importance. Even though there may be nothing to say in favour of those individuals, the very speaking about them concentrates attention on his own concerns, and gratifies his egotism. We have met with many men, who conceived themselves to be displaying the very reverse of self-love or vain-glory, or any such feeling, when they told us what a first-rate wife providence had blessed them with, what an angel in temper, what a prodigy of accomplishment, what a paragon of loveliness, and how much certain people thought of her! We have met with many other persons who were perpetually quoting the sage sayings and doings, as they thought them, of certain kinsfolk of theirs, sometimes in confirmation, but as often in contradiction, of the remarks or conduct of the persons they were addressing; believing themselves all the while, perhaps, to be displaying only a kind of filial piety, while in truth they were betraying the most marked egotism. As for children, they are made a medium of egotism by every body who has any, every day, and almost every hour, of their lives. People seem to think it all right if they only use the little I. The affectionate and really amiable feelings they experience respecting their children, seem to justify their frequent allusions to them in company: in making these allusions, they feel as if they were only exhibiting a right and laudable sentiment, when, in reality, though the feeling is right in them, it is one which the company may not sympathise in, and which therefore ought to be entertained secretly. Allusions to this, as to all matters in which we alone are interested, are at the best egotistical; they often are something more. It is not uncommon to hear parents recount instances of spirit, of talent, and of goodness, in their children, apparently under the conviction that they are only doing justice to them as fellow-creatures, when, in truth, they are only conferring a lustre which is to be reflected back upon themselves. It is parti-

cularly amusing when such recitals take the shape of a half serious half jocular account of some not very heinous mischief done by the young people. "He's a wild little fellow, this of ours—he can keep his own part—he can fight his own battles"—and so forth. Who does not, in such expressions, hear something exactly equivalent to the "We have heard the chimes of midnight" of good Justice Shallow? Children are in fact just so many conductors by which a good man and a good woman may draw upon themselves an attention which they could not claim in any more direct way.

It is well worth while, we think, to point out thus broadly the various by-paths of egotism; for, if they were generally known, it would be impossible to assume them without being detected. There are, moreover, many persons of good sense and feeling, who only fall into these by-ways from inadvertency, or from not being fully aware of their character. If we shall have opened the eyes of any to a habit which, however secretly or unconsciously practised, is unjust and odious, we shall consider our speculations thrown out not altogether in vain.

#### COLONISATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

EMIGRATION has uniformly been advocated in the present work. We regard it as compliance with a natural institution. Population has been decreed to press on the limits of subsistence, as a means of stimulating men to exertion for the increase of food, and in order that surplus families may be induced to spread over the earth, and people it all. As soon as the children of the first couple went beyond the ground occupied by their parents, to occupy new ground for themselves, the principle of emigration was acknowledged; and it has never since for one moment fallen into abeyance.

We are well aware that many discourage emigration from our own country, alleging that, if labour and manufacturing and commercial enterprise were free, there would be employment and subsistence for many more than those at present employed and supported. There may be truth in this, as far as the temporary policy of our own country is concerned; but it is quite impossible that a country so much peopled as Great Britain now is, could ever, under any regulations, afford such scope for the increase of population, as a country altogether unpeopled or only possessed by a few uncivilised tribes. Carried to its utmost, the principle of these objectors would have fixed the human family for ever on one narrow spot, where, for any thing we can see, they might have manufactured on the freest principles that could be desired, without having a single customer to purchase the results of their industry. It may be desirable, or it may not, that Britain should be allowed to become, in a still greater degree, the workshop of the world; but no dogma that can be advanced on a point of mere temporary human policy, will ever shake the great natural principle that mankind were designed to increase and multiply, and cover the whole earth.

The question, after all, with individuals, will be, Is it for my advantage that I should emigrate? As emigration has hitherto been conducted, it has in many instances proved disadvantageous, and much misery has been the consequence. But, for some years, new lights have been shining on this subject, and it is likely that henceforth the colonising of new countries will be done upon such improved principles as to make it beneficial for all concerned. In all former settlements, the regulations were of a kind that scattered the population over too large a surface to allow of co-operation, and no proportion was observed either between the numbers of the sexes, or the relative amounts of capital and labour. A settlement upon more prudent principles is only now for the first time in the course of being exemplified in South Australia. In that case, land is sold at a certain price, and the proceeds applied to the transportation of labourers, male and female. The price of land is adjusted in such a way, that there never can be a greater quantity occupied than there are means of cultivating. Neither can capitalists be left destitute of labourers, nor can labourers be in want of employment. Of this experiment no result has as yet, so far as we are aware, been ascertained. But, in the mean time, a proposal has been made for repeating it in another part of the waste domains of Britain.

This proposal bears reference to New Zealand in the South Sea, a group of islands discovered by Cook, and rendered familiar to a great part of the public by the narrative of his voyages, as well as the reports of those missionaries who have since been endeavouring to civilise the savage natives. New Zealand has often been pointed out as a fit place for an experiment in colonisation; but the single circumstance of the occasional practice of cannibalism among the natives, seems to have been sufficient heretofore to prevent any such scheme from being carried into execution; although the fact is, that the New Zealanders are a much superior race to many which are not addicted to that hor-

rible custom, and, what is above all things important, eminently improvable. A plan has at length been formed for realising this desirable object by a body named the New Zealand Association, consisting of two classes of members; first, heads of families, and others, who have resolved to establish themselves in the proposed colony; and, secondly, a small body of public men, who, as a committee, have undertaken the task of carrying the measure into execution. These public men are of all parties; the list contains, amongst others, the names of Mr F. Baring, the Earl of Durham, Walter F. Campbell of Islay, Esq., Sir George Sinclair, and Sir William Molesworth, all of them members of the legislature. They have published a small volume,\* detailing their plans, and describing the country; and it is expected that they will obtain the necessary parliamentary enactments in the course of the present session.

The natural advantages of New Zealand as a place of settlement, are discussed at considerable length in this publication, and the following condensed view of them is given:—

"The New Zealand group consists mainly of two large islands, nearly adjoining, and extending in their whole length about eight hundred miles, with an average breadth of about one hundred miles, their position lengthwise being between the forty-eighth and thirty-fourth degrees of south latitude, and resembling with respect to temperature (after an allowance for the lower degree of heat in the southern hemisphere) that of the land between the south of Portugal and the north of France—pervading, we may say, but without exceeding, the most favoured part of the temperate region; and numerous witnesses of ample experience concur in describing the extremes of cold in winter and heat in summer as being within peculiarly narrow limits; which is to describe the climate as one of the most equable in the world.

The two large islands are intersected in the greater part of their length by a chain of mountains perpetually covered with snow, and higher, it is supposed, than the European Alps; from which it would be inferred, as is really the case, that the country abounds in streams and rivers always flowing: droughts, such as occur in New South Wales, have never been known, but, on the contrary, rain falls plentifully in every due season, though never to an inconvenient degree.

Indications of varied mineral wealth have been observed, and no doubt remains of the existence of coal and iron in great abundance: the whole country, excepting the regions of perpetual snow, is covered with one or other of the four following productions; namely, first, grass, of which there are extensive ranges on the east side of the south island, at least; secondly, the *formium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, which appears to grow universally in low situations, and which, such is the strength and fineness of its fibre, requires only care in gathering and preparation, to rival, if not supersede, European flax in the markets of Europe; thirdly, a plant called fern, which affords a wholesome food for cattle, and now supports great numbers of wild swine in both islands; and, fourthly, a greater variety of finer trees—timber of a finer quality, and adapted to a greater number of different purposes, including all that relates to ship-building—than is produced in the forests, it may be safely said, of any other part of the world; which last production finds a ready and profitable market, not merely with the British Admiralty, who now regularly dispatch vessels to procure spars in New Zealand, but also in Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, various ports on the west coast of South America, Brazil, and British India.

In whatever part of either island they have been planted, European vegetables, fruits, grasses, and many sorts of grain, flourish remarkably, but not more than the different animals which have hitherto been imported, such as rabbits, goats, swine, sheep, cattle, and horses.

The rivers and lakes abound with edible fish in great variety and of excellent quality; and the coasts are more frequented than perhaps any other habitable country at present, by seals and whales.

Cook's Strait, between the two islands, forms part of the direct track of vessels homeward bound from the Australian colonies; many such vessels go through Cook's Strait, while the others at present pass New Zealand at either its southern or northern extremity, but the midway of Cook's Strait would be preferred, if that channel were properly surveyed, lighted, and furnished with pilots; and, consequently, settlements in Cook's Strait, at Port Hardy in D'Urville's Island, Queen Charlotte's Sound, Cloudy Bay, and Port Nicholson, would obtain stock-cattle, and other supplies from New South Wales, with peculiar facility and cheapness, since homeward-bound vessels would naturally load in part or sometimes entirely with stock-cattle for New Zealand (and especially on deck in favourable weather, which prevails for nine months of the year), discharging that cargo at New Zealand, and reloading there with water and provisions for the homeward voyage, as well as with a New Zealand cargo for Europe, of fish-oil, flax, timber, and other productions of the country. But this is only a sample of the

benefits which would accrue to British settlements in New Zealand, from having, at the very outset of their career, several kinds of commodities suitable to distant markets, and from the peculiarly favourable position of that country with respect to trade. For, by the operation of Lord Howick's regulations and the South Australian act, the colonisation of Australia is most rapidly advancing, and yet, so great are the profits of wool-growing there, that capital is drawn from agricultural to pastoral pursuits, and to such an extent, that the settlements do not produce grain for their own consumption (New South Wales being in part supplied with flour from New England in North America), and, consequently, agricultural productions, for which New Zealand is more peculiarly adapted (and especially potatoes and grain, which are already exported from New Zealand to Australia), would find ready markets in New South Wales and South Australia, being exchanged there, in all probability, for British manufactured goods which the Australian merchants had obtained by the sale of their wool in London and Liverpool.

The relative position of New Zealand, in the midst of the now greatest sea-fisheries within easy distance of thousands of inhabited islands, including, besides Australia and Van Diemen's Land, the great Polynesian and rich Indian Archipelagoes—and, further, numerous and excellent harbours, and the natural productions of the country, which supply almost inexhaustible materials for the building and fitting of ships—point out these islands as the natural seat of a maritime population, and the natural centre of a vast maritime trade, which last would supply in its maturity, as in its progress it had engendered, the wants of millions at present strangers to the civilising influence of commerce."

It is not in our power to convey, in this place, any lengthened account of the natives; but it was a matter of notoriety, long before the present scheme was formed, that they are a vigorous and improvable race, far above the common standard of unenlightened nations. Every one will recollect the impression produced in Britain by the man Omai, whom Cook brought home, and who, in a short while, became so much assimilated to the polished society in which he moved, that, meeting him at Streatham, and coming up to him as he was sitting beside Lord Mulgrave, both gentlemen having their backs to the light, Dr Johnson could not distinguish between the savage and the peer, and refrained from addressing either, lest he should have made a mistake offensive to his lordship. This people present a striking contrast to the timid and luxurious Otaheiteans, and the miserable outcasts of Australia. They have given abundant tokens of their possessing a powerful self-defensive character, which is one of the points in which savages most rarely match with civilised nations. Though originally sunk in superstition, they have shown a comparative readiness to shake off its chains, and embrace Christianity. Even the cannibalism which they practised upon their prisoners, may not have been altogether a result of brutality of nature, but partly attributable to their having had no animal food of another kind at their command, their country being originally destitute of animals above the character of reptiles. "The New Zealander," says their historian in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, "knows his own power as a savage; but he also knows that the people of European communities have a much more extensive and durable power, which he is desirous to share. He has his instruments of bone, but he asks for iron; he has his club, but he comes to us for a musket. Baubles he despises. He possesses the rude art of savage nations in an eminent degree: he can carve elegantly in wood, and he is tattooed with a graceful minuteness, which is not devoid of symmetrical elegance. Yet he is not insensible to the value of the imitative arts of Europeans, and he takes delight in our sculpture and our paintings. His own social habits are unrefined—his cookery is coarse—his articles of furniture are rude; yet he adapts himself at once to the usages of the best English society, and displays that ease and self-confidence, which are the peculiar marks of individual refinement. He exhibits little contradiction between his original condition of a cannibal at home, and his assumed one of a gentleman here. Add to all this, that he is as capable of friendship as of enmity, and we shall have no difficulty in perceiving that the New Zealander possesses a character which, at no distant period, may become an example of the rapidity with which the barbarian may be wholly refined, when brought into contact with a nation which neither insults nor oppresses him, and which exhibits to him the influence of a benevolent religion, in connection with the force of practical knowledge."

It has been further stated, that, when New Zealanders visit Sydney, they are not content with a childish admiration of any fine thing they see, as other savages are, but show a rational curiosity and desire to learn. In the case of a carpet, for instance, looking beyond the colours, they inspect the texture of the cloth, and compare it with that of the mats manufactured by their own women. "Many of the natives have voluntarily undertaken a voyage to England, that they might see the wonders of civilisation; and when they have looked upon our fertile fields, our machines for the abridgement of human labour, and our manufactures, they have begged to be sent back to their own country, with the means of

\* The British Colonisation of New Zealand; being an Account of the Principles, Objects, and Plans of the New Zealand Association; together with particulars concerning the Position, Extent, Soil and Climate, Natural Productions, and Native Inhabitants of New Zealand. With Charts and Illustrations. London. John W. Parker, West Strand. 1837.



imitating what their own progress enabled them to comprehend were blessings." One anecdote, mentioned in the volume before us, speaks strongly for the native vigour of conscientiousness in the mental constitution of this race. A fine piece of land, at the mouth of the river Omania, had been acquired from them by purchase, by a Captain Herd, so far back as 1836 or 1837, for an association which at that time meditated forming a settlement in New Zealand. During the long period that has since elapsed, without possession having been taken, it has been religiously preserved for them by the natives; and recently, in 1836, they assembled, when the Rev. Mr White was about to visit England, and authorised him to acquaint the gentlemen, that they, the natives, were still ready to fulfil their bargain, or to restore to the purchasers the price originally paid. But they required one or other alternative to be adopted, as they could not allow so valuable a part of the district to remain for a longer time waste.

The native New Zealanders are very thinly scattered over the soil; but it is to be lamented that of late years a number of runaway convicts have come amongst them, and in some districts imparted greater vices than any (cannibalism excepted) which were formerly practised. Other mischiefs are perpetrated to a distressing extent by the masters and crews of merchant vessels visiting the islands; nor is it possible, in the present condition of the country with regard to government, to remedy these outrages. One moving cause of the Association is to establish a proper government, by which the evils at present arising from European intercourse may be in some measure restrained.

There is too much responsibility connected with the recommendation of any scheme of emigration, to allow of our recommending this. But we can compromise neither ourselves nor any of our readers by stating, that we are inclined to augur well of the scheme of the New Zealand Association. There are numberless individuals who, either as capitalists or labourers, will feel inclined to give the subject their best consideration. There are also many benevolent individuals who may be anxious to promote emigration from districts (such as our own West Highlands) in which population is fatally abundant. To all such we would recommend a perusal of the volume published by the New Zealand Association, after which they may be fitted to arrive at a conclusion respecting the propriety of their taking any further steps with relation to the scheme of which we have here given an outline.

#### ROUEN TO PARIS—THE LITTLE APOTHECARY.

It is about seventy-two miles from Rouen to Paris, by what is called the lower road, which is generally considered the most beautiful of the two, and which, indeed, is even thought by many to lead through the loveliest part of France. We accordingly took places in the diligence going by that route, and left Rouen early in the morning of the 13th of August, in the same sultry, close, dry, and zephyrless weather, which we had been already panting under.

Nothing occurred worth mentioning on our journey, till we arrived at the town of Louviers, where the passengers stopped to breakfast. Whilst my friend and I were enjoying ourselves with this meal, our party was augmented by the presence of a very intelligent French manufacturer, and we were preparing ourselves to receive a great deal of valuable information from him, when, much to our horror, up strutted a little, forward, talkative, offensive, creature of an apothecary from Oxford Street, who had been passenger with us in the Elizabeth packet from Brighton. With ineffable presumption he claimed us as old and familiar friends. We received him with a degree of coldness which might have sunk a thermometer to zero. But he was not one to be easily repressed. He had secured a place in the same department of the diligence in which we travelled; and he could therefore neither be shaken off nor altogether prevented from annoying us with his absurdities. He endeavoured to intrude his vulgar observations and jocularities upon every occasion in the course of our forenoon's journey, and made us quite ashamed of him as our countryman when the party sat down to dinner at Mantes. The wretch turned up his nose at every thing that was brought to him; vowed that it was execrable, fit only for an English pig; that no man accustomed to high life, as he had been, could dine on such trash; at the same time, however, eating gluttonously upon almost every dish on the table. In short, this impertinent creature filled every body with disgust, though French politeness confined the expression of it to their most significant national shrug.

There was one young Englishwoman seated near to us at table, whose comeliness of features, and modest and lady-like dress and behaviour, served to put us again in good humour with our country. She seemed to command more than ordinary respect from the French gentlemen, and especially from the two monks, who, gormandisers as they were, found time to be civil to her. Although she would have

passed as nothing extraordinary among her own countrywomen, yet, when transplanted here amongst some gizzling vulgar provinciales in antiquated dresses, and huge bunches of glaring ribbons, she appeared like a lovely pearl lying among oyster shells and the ruder debris of the shore. Some little time after we had been seated at table, we were a good deal surprised to see Monsieur le Conducteur enter, and after occupying a vacant seat as a matter of course, began to help himself very liberally to what was next to him. This is very different from our usages in England, but it is not without its advantages to the traveller; for the conducteur has thus an interest in allowing plenty of time for the destruction of the various good things provided for dinner. This is very different indeed from the few hurried moments permitted by the impatient guard of an English stage-coach to the passengers for bolting down unchewed morsels of some tough, though twenty times cooked fowl. Here the well-satisfied composure of the conducteur insured the company against any thing like unseasonable interruption. A dessert followed the dinner, in which we had a delicious melon, and a basket of grapes, the first of the season. Even *café* and *chasse café* were not neglected, but gone through with the greatest deliberation.

As Monsieur le Conducteur had joined in the repast somewhat later than the rest, so he continued to prolong it for some time after every one else had done. The little apothecary having well gorged himself, had drunk off his own bottle of *vin de pays*, and whilst he abused the wine as "absolute trash," he very coolly helped himself to one or two tumblers filled from the half-emptied bottles of those to the right and left of him. Whilst so employed, his eyes happened to light upon the young Englishwoman, of whose pleasing appearance I have already spoken.

"My dear creature!" said he, in a tone which, though meant for a whisper, was heard all over the table. "Where could my stupid blind eyes have been wandering all this time?" and rising from his chair, and hurrying down the table, he squatted himself down beside the lady. "Mrs Brookes!—my dear madam, I am all enchantment at this most happy and unlooked-for meeting! Where have you been, my angel, for these many weeks past? I have missed you from town most cruelly. Now that I have found you, angelic creature, I shall never submit to have my services refused. I can be of the greatest use to you in this here foreign country. I speak French *comme un natif*, as I may say, and I know all the *peuple de qualité* in Paris, both English and French. My introductions will be of inexpressible importance to you—then French like to have to do with people of some consequence. Moreover, I shall be happy to escort you to the French opera—the *Juif* de Tivoli—and all them sort of polite amusements."

"Sir," exclaimed the lady, rising from her place, and interrupting him, her cheeks crimsoned with blushes, yet with an air of dignity which absolutely struck the little man dumb. "I am utterly at a loss to comprehend how you can thus dare to insult me. Though I have more than once before suffered from similar attempts at persecution from you whilst in my house in Park Lane, you are so utterly unknown to me that I am not even acquainted with your name. I therefore beg that you may henceforth cease to trouble me with your impertinence, otherwise I shall be under the necessity of seeking protection from the police;" and gathering up her gloves, reticule, and parasol, she called to her maid to follow her, and hastily left the room. "Hang me but she's a game one!" cried the little discomfited apothecary, turning to us, and apparently not altogether relishing the smile of satisfaction that was playing over our countenances, as well as over those of all present. "She's blood to the backbone, as my friend Lord John would say. But, ha, ha! lovers' quarrels! She has often been this way with me before—a mere tantarum. I'll bring her to by and bye. She is the widow of a Captain Brookes of the dragoons—husband killed at Waterloo—shot through both temples by a musket-ball—melancholy case—only six weeks married—the poor fellow left her a large estate in Hertfordshire, a good clear five thousand a-year, and a nice house in town. Quite unprotected, poor thing! I must not abandon her. Gentlemen, my heart tells me that I must not." These last words were uttered with a tragedy air that was perfectly amusing, and the little man strode out of the apartment with all the dignity of a young Roscius. "Bah!" cried the conducteur, casting a look of whimsical perplexity after him, "que faut il faire avec ce bete la?"—(What shall I do with that beast?)—and swallowing his scolding cup of coffee with wry faces and a "pate!" he hurried out after the apothecary in no very good humour. We followed to see the result. The little man was in the act of opening the door of the *interieur*, where the lady and her maid had already taken shelter. "Stop, that is not your place, sir," cried the conducteur in French—"your place is in the galerie; this way, sir!—this way, I tell you!" A gentle murmur of "bravo!" escaped from every one present, and the little apothecary took refuge in his old place from the half-suppressed laughter of the spectators.

On taking our seats in the vehicle, we found a French officer of cavalry already there. He was a tall, handsome, extremely well-dressed and very gentleman-like man, in the prime of life, though rather fatish in person; a circumstance to be attributed to

his having lost a limb, and being thereby curtailed of his necessary exercise. Unbumbled by his recent defeat, the pert and rude apothecary gave this gentleman the trouble of rising to accommodate him with that side of the carriage where his weak eyes would be least affected by the light. Though it was almost painful for him to move himself, the stranger accommodated the puppy with inconceivable politeness. We found him to be a very superior man, and extremely well informed. Talking of the comparative merits of the troops of the two nations, he very liberally bore testimony to those of the British. He said that our cavalry were unquestionably the finest in the world. He seemed to have a respect for the present dynasty, now that they were placed on the throne of France. He admitted that perhaps the peace of Europe required the retirement of Napoleon, but a few well-directed observations soon brought out his admiration, nay, his love and enthusiasm, for the banished emperor. "He was the darling of his army," said he in French, "and unquestionably the greatest general in the world." "Phoo!" cried the apothecary, in his bad French, "he was a mere child to Wellington! He was a *charlatan*—a mere humbug! No general at all. Any volunteer captain in the British service could have beat him!" The officer looked at the little man at first with anger, then with contempt, and finally with something bordering on pity. "Sir," said he, with a marked air of control over himself, "I believe the opinion which you seem to hold of the emperor is a very singular one." "Singular or not," replied the other, "it is nevertheless very true. He was nothing of a general compared to our British commanders. Ay, ay! you French always did very well till you were brought against the British, and then—one British bayonet was always a match for ten or twenty French ones." "Monsieur!" cried the French officer, in a tone that showed he could no longer restrain himself. But seeing the storm that was coming, we interfered, and by using some soothing language to the officer, and some pretty strong expressions in English to the apothecary, we succeeded in quieting the one, and in cowering the other.

Quiet, if not peace, being for some time restored, we had leisure to look at the country we were passing through. The first vineyards we saw were half way between Rouen and Paris. But though they sound well in name, they are wretched things in reality to look upon. Our hop-grounds in England are magnificent compared to them. They accompanied us all the way to Paris from where we first saw them, being intermixed with small fields of potatoes, hemp, or grain, and apple and pear trees. But notwithstanding its intrinsic richness, the face of the country is but meagre of beauty or interest. We passed along one side of the royal forest of St Germain, formally fenced with a huge wooden paling, and intersected now and then with long straight alleys. There are deer, and, I believe, wild boars in it. France has ceased to abound in the smaller game, such as pheasants, partridges, and hares, which used to be seen flocking upon the high roads previous to the revolution. There is nothing remarkable in the town of St Germain, but we enjoyed a very fine view as we descended the hill in leaving it, comprehending some grand reaches of the Seine, with numerous cha-teaux embosomed in banks of wood; but still there was a certain air of French formality in it all. By this time we had enjoyed partial peeps now and then of some of the towers and domes of Paris, but the traveller who approaches it by this route enjoys no general view of the city. The entrance to it, however, is very grand and imposing. A very broad road, with a central pavement running between superb rows of trees, extends in one unbroken straight line for perhaps three or four English miles. As we drove over this, carriages and equestrians began to thicken, but those bustling mazes that distinguish the environs of London were altogether absent. We entered the Champs Elysees by the Barriere de Neuilly, where we noticed the half finished masonry of the triumphal arch begun in 1806, and we proceeded by the long Avenue de Neuilly. Here the throng of human beings and the hum of men became greater; equipages of all varieties became more numerous; and the embowered walks, and the alleys under the trees, were alive with gay figures of both sexes. Numerous groups were seated in the shade on chairs, of which thousands are placed for hire; and on the shaven turf of little opening lawns, parties of young men were seen engaged in all sorts of athletic games. Pleasure seemed to be the universal object of pursuit.

On our arrival at the Bureau des Diligences, a great deal of time was lost, as usual, before each traveller could secure all the articles of luggage which belonged to her or to him. Our little apothecary threw himself, with all haste, out of the *galerie*, and bustled up to Mrs Brookes, to offer her his assistance. She was vexed and tormented by him. At last a fiacre appeared. "Come, madam," cried the little man, "here is a hackney coach; better get into it to be out of the crowd; let me offer you my arm;" and, saying so, he was in the act of forcing her arm into his, when the fiacre drove up, and out jumped a tall handsome English officer. The lady almost screamed with delight.

"Thank heaven, there is Captain Brookes!" cried she. "Henry, my husband!—my dear Henry!" "Jane, my dear wife!" cried the officer, as she half threw herself into his arms. "I am so

glad you are come to protect me." "From whom, my love?" demanded the captain, in a tone of extreme displeasure. "From that person there," said the lady, pointing to the apothecary; "that is the person who persecuted me so much in England, and who seems to have followed me for the same purpose to France. But do not mind him, Henry, for he is some low insignificant fellow." "Sir," said the captain, in a voice so loud as to call the attention of all the bystanders, "if you again dare to give this lady the smallest molestation; nay, if you dare but to show that face within half a league of the place where she resides, I'll pull out that proboscis of thine like a telescope. Get along with you, you rascal!" and, with one kick, he sent the astonished apothecary half way across the street, and landed him plump in the kennel, whence he only gathered himself up as the fiacre, containing Captain and Mrs Brookes, had driven away.

The little man, now considerably humbled, was collecting together his few articles of baggage, to take his departure; and seeing another fiacre appear, he waved his hand with the intention of appropriating it to himself. It drove up; he opened the door in haste, to take shelter in it; but, instead of entering it, he started back with horror, dropped in the street the small box and bundle he carried, and hastily turned to flee. But his effort was vain, for out of the fiacre there suddenly sprang two French policemen, together with an English Bow Street officer, followed by an enormous virago of an Irishwoman—a perfect grenadier in petticoats—and with a face like that of the ogress of some fairy tale. "And have I caught ye at last, ye snaking dirty rascal?" cried she, clutching her fangs into his collar like a harpy; "is it thinking that you could blithly and bleed me too, that ye wor, you villain?—but it's myself that has been too deep for you after all. Not content with boulding off wid ye, after giving me lines of promise of marriage, let alone the marriage day and all being fixed, and I sellin' my nate convaynient chandler's shop, stock in trade, tallow, and all that the good defuncted Mister Laurence O'Dogherty, my dear departed husband that was, left me all alone a disconsolate widdy wid, and all that yerself moight take me over to Paris wid ye, but ye must go for to be after stalin' me very bills and drafts, and run away wid him, along wid me, barrin' that you left me behind. But it's my own self that has been too 'cute for ye, ma'rouen! and sure the bills are all stopped, and it's the sorra a farden you'll get for them! But what use to stand argifyin' here at all, at all. Take him, officers, and away wid him; for sure it's not dacent to be makin' all them people sinable of my family saicrets. So come along wid ye, ye prince of chates and gay deceivers! and we'll soon see whether it's marryin' or hangin' that you'll be after choosin'!"

Gasping for breath, the poor, little, half-throttled apothecary was dragged towards the fiacre, bundled into it, and carried off in triumph by the lady and her hired myrmidons, amidst the shouts of the bystanders.

#### JENNINGS'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL, FOR 1838.

BRITISH mercantile enterprise is shown now-a-days in some very remarkable forms. The court of the Queen Regent of Spain, and the flying camp of Don Carlos, are alike, we believe, attended by emissaries from the chief London newspapers, whose business it is to transmit regular accounts of the respective transactions of the contending parties, to be published at home. On a late trip to the Continent, we encountered a gentleman-like young man, who informed us that he had been commissioned by a manufacturing *Ahouse* of the west of England to travel at his leisure over Europe, keeping his eyes about him, and picking up ideas which he thought likely to be of service to his employers. The book at the head of this article presents an equally striking instance of our national commercial and literary enterprise. For the preparation of an annual ornamented volume, issued to the community at an extremely moderate price, but in vast quantities, we here find an accomplished man of letters, and an equally accomplished artist—the very first, we believe, of British architectural artists—touring it over the romantic parts of the earth, the one with pen and the other with pencil in hand. In a former volume published by these gentlemen, and of which we took notice, they were represented as pursuing their joint vocation amidst the perils of the Navarrese war. In the present we find them in the south of Spain, and in the kindred ground of Morocco. Upon the whole, we think the work of this year fresher and more interesting than any of its predecessors. We cannot, unfortunately, convey more than our admiration of Mr Roberts's department; but the following extracts from the literary matter will serve to show how well that of Mr Roscoe has been executed.

"About half-past two in the afternoon, barely four hours from the time of our quitting the shores of

Europe [at Gibraltar], we anchored off Tangiers, in Africa, close under the American frigate Brandywine, a magnificent vessel, worthy of the land to which it belonged. It soon became evident that we had got into a world altogether new to us. The very character of the shore was different from any thing we had hitherto beheld, though it would have been difficult, perhaps, to define precisely in what that difference consisted. There was something, no doubt, in the peculiar vegetation of the climate. Palm trees, with their long pendulous branches, rose here and there upon the beach, in some places clumped into small groves, in others scattered singly; and acacias, and other trees indigenous to Africa, clothed several points of the coast with a beautiful green.

But the most remarkable portion of the scene, after all, were the figures; and those were truly original, and pressed upon the eye the moment we landed. Bedouins from the desert with their camels, Negro slaves, Jews, Moors, Arabs, in every imaginable variety of costume and colour, and grouped in the most fantastic manner. In spite, however, of the novelty and interest of every thing around, we could not long disguise from ourselves the fact, that the sea air and a somewhat protracted fast had given us a prodigiously strong appetite; for which reason we made, as fast as our guide would lead us, to the lodging-house to which we had been recommended. This was kept by a Spaniard, a man who understood something of cookery, and was provided with materials for preparing a good pilau, lamb à la crème, and a nice dish, peculiar to the Levant, consisting of minced meat, flour, honey, and several other articles baked in a cabbage-leaf. Wine, too, such as folks drink in Xeres and Malaga, flowed plentifully round the board; and coffee and cigars, for our host sported no pipes, followed on the heels of the repast.

Next morning, feeling quite refreshed, we sallied forth to examine the appearance of the town. My companion, whose pencil had been sufficiently active in Spain, here discovered at every step fresh elements of the picturesque, and was almost inclined to stop every old Jew or Moor whom we met on our way to the market, and request him to allow his portly figure and very striking costume to be transferred to a picture. I was little less excited; and while he occupied himself in making sketches of the town, the castle, and whatever else most struck his fancy, I strolled alone to the bazaar and central market-place, where I beheld many spectacles worthy of being commemorated by a Smollett or a Fielding. A small caravan had just arrived, it was said from Sjelmessa, and the slaves, who formed the principal merchandise, were taking their station in a circle, left clear on purpose, in the centre of the other goods. Most of them were women, or rather girls; for the *jellabies*, generally experienced villains in their way, are careful not to import any females above a certain age, seeing they would scarcely sell for more than their original price and keep during the journey would amount to. As might be expected, there was nothing like beauty among these ebony specimens of humanity—I mean in the countenance; for as to form, few women, perhaps, could surpass the Negresses here exposed for sale. Their hands were small, as if they had never been designed for labour, their limbs tapering and finely turned, and the *torso*, if we may so apply the word, seemed chiselled in the softest and finest style. There was nothing like grief in any of them. They appeared to view the thing as a matter of course, and only looked anxious to be purchased, and transferred to an owner with a good larder.

As we meant to make the most of our opportunities, I accompanied my companion to a Jewish house, where he was to make a sketch of a pretty little Israelite in her bride's dress. The people of this nation contrive, at Tangiers as elsewhere, to keep on tolerably good terms with fortune, and display considerable wealth in the interior of their dwellings. One remarkable feature in the appearance of these domiciles, is their exemplary cleanliness. Like the Welsh cottages one sometimes sees in the midst of verdant foliage on the mountains, the walls of these houses are kept constantly whitewashed, and have consequently a dazzling brightness injurious to the sight. The floors are generally paved with small coloured tiles, as in the older houses of France and Holland; which renders them at once cool and gay, and facilitates the keeping of them clean.

Here, as elsewhere in the East, the houses are built round a small courtyard, into which all the windows open. There are seldom more stories than one, but the rooms though narrow are spacious and lofty, and fitted up in a style admirably suited to the climate. The lady we visited on the present occasion lived in a style there deemed magnificent. The mats of coloured rushes which partly covered the floors, were of peculiar fineness; and the centre of the apartments exhibited very beautiful carpets, of exquisitely soft texture and brilliant colours. Their beds were ranged on wooden frames at the extremity of the chamber: in fact, they were precisely the divans described by travellers in the farther East. A row of large soft cushions leaning against the wall, and piles of smaller ones placed here and there, supported the backs and elbows of the ladies, who sat there cross-legged, like so many queens, in their gorgeous attire and sparkling ornaments.

These Jewesses we found, contrary to our expectation, both lively and well instructed. They understood

the Spanish language à merveille, as most of these countrywomen do; and could converse on quite as many topics as European women of the same grade. The bride, though a very great beauty, had somewhat too much of *embonpoint*, at least for European taste; but throughout the East this is regarded as an improvement on loveliness, which is valued as much by quantity as quality. Persons who have formed their notions of Moors from Shakspeare's Othello, as exhibited on the stage, would have been surprised at the fair complexions and rosy cheeks of these maidens, Moorish in temperament and constitution, though not in blood. Their large black eyes, veiled by long silken lashes, and surrounded by a dark circle of paint, rolled languidly, expressing the truly oriental character of their owners.

All the women present were richly habited, but the bride of course surpassed the rest. She appeared to be literally one blaze of splendour. Her dress was composed of the richest gold brocade, with a broad sash of red and gold bound round the waist. A splendid fillet of pearls and precious stones encircled the forehead, and from it depended an Indian silk handkerchief, which fell over the back of the head, and rested on the shoulders. Enormous gold ear-rings set with jewels adorned her ears, which they would certainly have lacerated, had not a portion of the weight been sustained by the fillet to which they were attached. Her pretty small ankles and delicate wrists were laden with heavy rings of silver; and her bosom, which was exposed as much as it would be in full dress in England, appeared to be supported by a broad band above the sash, set in front with jewels. An ample white veil, something after the Genoese fashion, was thrown carelessly over the head."

Mr Roscoe and his companion Mr Roberts visited Salé or Salee, and the contiguous town of Rabatt, on the Atlantic side of the country, on their way to the city of Morocco. "Having all along intended to make some short stay at Rabatt, we had procured letters to the governor, which having been forwarded, an officer was dispatched to meet us, and become our guide to the lodging his magnificence had appointed for our use. This man, a tall fine Moor of commanding appearance, gave us a much more cordial welcome than we had any reason to expect, and then led the way through wondering crowds, who flocked to behold the governor's European guests—for our costume could not disguise the truth—to a very handsome house, which he informed us was entirely at our disposal so long as we might choose to stay. We expressed our thanks in a becoming manner, and he left us to provide, as we imagined, for ourselves. Accordingly, we set our cook to work, and strolled about our new premises, to examine into what kind of quarters we had got. The house consisted of several suites of rooms, extending, as usual, round a square plot of ground, planted with odoriferous shrubs, and cooled by a fountain which sent up showers of spray, communicating a delicious coolness to the air. Fine mats and carpets of the richest colours covered the floors, and the recesses and ceiling were adorned with a profusion of gilding and painted scrolls.

While we were feasting our eyes on these things, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and on its being opened, our friendly Moor entered at the head of a cortège of black slaves, each bearing a covered dish upon his head. The governor, we were informed, had sent us a dinner, and requested we would believe ourselves welcome. Upon this a number of trays were placed in the dining-hall on the floor, the dishes were set beside them, and each slave falling back as he deposited his burden, the whole soon formed into a file and disappeared through the street door, with their gallant commander at their heels, almost before we could say how greatly we felt obliged for such princely hospitality. I wish I knew the names of half the dishes, of which we were not slow in making the acquaintance. Hunger might have something to do with the matter, but I certainly never tasted any thing in the shape of food that appeared so delicious. The most prominent article was, of course, *kouskason*. This we tasted first, having grown already fond of it; but we quickly passed to a dish of lamb à la crème, fine fish, fresh and pickled, kabobs beautifully grilled, and fruit of every kind furnished by the climate and season.

A sufficient time having been allowed us to eat and digest our dinner, a fresh troop arrived, bearing tea, coffee, eggs, milk, and whatever else the most fastidious gourmand could desire for his evening meal; and all in such profusion, that had our number been trebled, there would still have been enough and to spare. They then left us to our repose, and I confess my mind was not wholly without suspicion that we owed all this hospitality to some mistake, which would soon be discovered, and probably subject us to some affront. It appeared impossible that so much consideration should be shown to two or three humble travellers, without titles, without rank, without claim of any kind to more than mere civility. However, as there was no help, I determined to make the most of things as they were, and rolling myself up in shawls and carpets, slept like a sultan.

On the following day, a repetition of the hospitality of the preceding put us in mighty good humour with ourselves. The governor sent, moreover, to inform us, that whenever it might be convenient, it would afford him much satisfaction to receive us at his palace; but that we need be in no hurry, as every day was



like to him, and he trusted our affairs were not such as to require a speedy departure. In return for all this politeness, we begged his excellency's permission to pay our respects to him on the morrow, and it was so arranged; meanwhile, he requested us to understand that we were at liberty to see any part of the city we thought proper, and that an officer should attend us.

The greatest glory of Rabatt lies without the walls. I mean its gardens, spacious and well cultivated, filled with fruit trees, which being now for the most part in blossom, impregnated the air far and wide with perfume the most delicious. Even the hills in all the neighbourhood are covered with odoriferous shrubs, the myrtle and arbutus among others, and with wild flowers of the richest fragrance, which feed innumerable swarms of bees that flit from garden to garden, and fill the palm groves with their murmurs.

Shade being highly valued in these warm latitudes, their gardens resemble so many small woods, which, in the present instance, consisted chiefly of olive and pomegranate trees, which diffuse an agreeable coolness through the air. Here and there, however, were fountains, patches of greensward, and copses of flowering shrubs, which exhaled a delicious odour. The sultan has a small palace in this secluded spot, like the hunting lodges of the Mogul emperors; and at the extremity of a sweet glade edged with pomegranate, is a beautiful little kiosk with pointed roof and broad eaves, like a Swiss cottage. It is paved in mosaic with small tiles, has a fountain in the centre, and the walls and roof are covered with painted arabesques. A portion of the front is handsomely glazed, to allow the sultan to view the persons who approach, when he chooses to give audience in this exquisite retreat.

Other gardens we also saw, but none deserving of particular mention, and returned well fatigued to a magnificent repast, which the noble governor, who seemed by magic to divine our movements, sent to our lodgings immediately after our arrival. We did not again go forth that evening, but continued at home, preparing for the audience of the following day. We rose early, and I confess that on no occasion since my arrival in Morocco, did I feel so exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression on any of its public functionaries. He had displayed toward us a princely hospitality, and I wished him to be convinced that our gratitude was warm in proportion.

About seven o'clock, for the old man was as unusual in his hours as he was munificent in his character, an officer arrived, informing us that his excellency awaited our visit. We had been ready for some time, and immediately set out, being unwilling that he should wait on our account a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. His palace was a large edifice, built in a massive style of architecture, with spacious chambers and curious windows, but exhibiting no tokens of extraordinary wealth. Every thing was neat, indeed, or I should rather say elegant, and bespoke the taste and philosophical moderation of the possessor. After being conducted through several corridors and carpeted halls, we entered the audience chamber, a magnificent saloon, at the extremity of which we saw the governor seated on a fine divan, with one of his sons on either hand. The young men advanced several paces to meet us, and the father himself rose at our approach, and with a benignity and kindness springing evidently from the soul, shook us by the hand, and then placed us close by his side where his sons had been sitting. I now in a moment discovered the cause of all the hospitality we had received. Goodness was natural to the man; it was impressed on every lineament of his countenance; it seemed to fall on all around him like dew; a smile sat on his countenance, the sweetest of all smiles—that which springs from a conscience undeviled. He was of a venerable patriarchal age, full threescore years and ten; and his long white beard, beautifully curled, yet leaving the form of the fine round chin distinctly marked, fell waving on his breast. Never have I beheld a being so admirably calculated to inspire love. And, in the midst of the wildest despotism, executing the commands of a harsh master, he was beloved, and that so entirely, that he never had in his life needed a guard for his person. He could have slept with his doors open. Every man loved him, every man prayed earnestly that his days might be long in the land, and there were many, I believe, who would even have sacrificed their own lives to preserve his.

In the palace of such a man, it was not to be expected that much ceremony would be found. He spoke to me of my country. He said he had heard much of the honour, and good faith, and indomitable valour of the English, and believed all he had heard. He therefore took a pleasure in showing, by every means in his power, how much he esteemed them. He said we had done wrong in bringing him a present from so far. 'It is I,' said he, 'who should make presents to the stranger. He should not buy from us our kindnesses. It is misfortune enough to be far from home, among people of different manners and different religion, where we have no relations, no friends, none to protect us but God. Yet, what do I say?' cried the old man, checking himself. 'He is great and merciful and his power is over all!'

While we were conversing, tea was brought in on a highly wrought silver tray, with silver tea-pot and a fine service of Worcester china. A handsome young black from Sijlnessa did the honours of the tea-table, and acquitted himself handsomely for a bachelor's

treat. When we had remained as long as our sense of propriety would permit, we took our leave of the patriarchal governor, with a promise to pass two or three days with him on our return from the capital, when he assured us we should be lodged and entertained in his own palace. This we afterwards did, and instead of finding his hospitality or the charms of his character diminish, it appeared to us that had we continued seven years at Rabatt, each succeeding day would only have knit our affections more firmly to that old man. Alas! he was no specimen of what Moors in general are. Indeed few, in any country, are the men who could bear a comparison with Sidi Suleiman, the noble and munificent governor of Rabatt; but if physiognomy be at all to be relied on, his sons will tread worthily in the footsteps of their sire."

#### THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

THE thirty-eight years embraced by the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I., [from 1689 to 1727.] produced a class of writers in prose and poetry, who, during the whole of the eighteenth century, were deemed the best, or nearly the best, that the country had ever known. The central period of twelve years which compose the reign of Anne (1702-14), was, indeed, usually styled the Augustan Era of English Literature, on account of its supposed resemblance in intellectual opulence to the reign of the Emperor Augustus.

This opinion has not been followed or confirmed in the present age. The praise due to good sense, and a correct and polished style, is allowed to the prose-writers, and that due to a felicity in painting artificial life, is awarded to the poets; but modern critics seem to have agreed to pass over these qualities as of secondary moment, and to hold in greater estimation the writings of the times preceding the Restoration, and of our own day, as being more boldly original, both in style and in thought, more imaginative, and more sentimental. The Edinburgh Review appears to state the prevailing sentiment in the following sentences—"Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos and no enthusiasm, and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial." The same critic represents it as their chief praise that they corrected the indecency, and polished the pleasantry and sarcasm, of the vicious school introduced at the Restoration. "Writing," he continues, "with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors, appear rude and untutored in the comparison." While there is general truth in these remarks, it must at the same time be observed, that the age produced several writers, who, each in his own line, may be called extraordinary. Satire, expressed in forcible and copious language, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The poetry of elegant and artificial life was exhibited, in a perfection never since attained, by Pope. The art of describing the manners, and discussing the morals of the passing age, was practised for the first time, and with unrivalled felicity, by Addison. And, with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may be fairly said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and has scarcely in any instance been since.

The gay epigrammatic kind of versification, introduced from France at the Restoration, was brought to perfection during the reign of William III. by Matthew Prior (born 1664, died 1721), an individual of obscure birth, but who, by means of his abilities, rose to considerable state employments. Prior was matchless for his tales and light occasional verses, though these, as well as others of his compositions, are degraded by their licentiousness. He wrote one serious poem of considerable length, called *Solomon*, or the *Vanity of the World*, and a pastoral tale entitled *Henry and Emma*.

The reign of William, though it includes the declining years of Dryden, may be considered as a short and dull period of transition between the style of that great poet and the style of Pope, who followed him. During this era, besides Dryden and Prior, poetry was cultivated by Addison, Garth, and Blackmore; men, it may be said, who were sufficient to keep alive the flame, but not to give it any additional fervour or brilliancy. Joseph Addison (1672-1719), the son of a clergyman, and educated at Oxford, entered life as a literary partisan of the Whigs, who possessed the reins of government during nearly the whole period under our notice. His principal poems are congratulatory pieces on the triumphs of the British army abroad—translations from the Roman poets—and devotional pieces. His correct, pious, and generally amiable character, is conspicuous in his metrical compositions; but they do not, in any great degree, display the higher qualities of poetry, and are now not much regarded.

Samuel Garth, born of a good family in Yorkshire, and who became a favourite physician among the Whigs during the reign of William, published in 1697 a mock-heroic composition, entitled the *Dispensary*, referring to a dispute in the College of Physicians, respecting the commencement of a charitable institution, in which the poet strongly advocated the cause of benevolence. This work long held its place in our popular literature, on account of its wit and neatness of expression. Garth wrote a few other poems, chiefly upon occasional subjects.

When Alexander Pope, about the year 1709, first appeared conspicuously before the literary world, poetry had sunk into a comparatively languid condition. This celebrated man, the son of a linen-draper in London, of the Catholic persuasion, was born in 1688. He was reared at a sequestered villa in Windsor Forest, to which his father had retired with a competence; and at twelve years of age, he composed some verses of considerable merit. The extreme weakness and deformity of his person inclined him to a studious life; and as he did not require to apply to any profession for his support, he was encouraged by his father to become a poet. His principal efforts in boyhood were translations from the Roman poets; a kind of literary labour which was never more extensively cultivated than during this period. At sixteen he wrote some Pastorals, and the beginning of a poem entitled *Windsor Forest*, which, when published a few years afterwards, obtained high praise for melody of versification. In his early years he had much intercourse with a Mr. Cromwell, who is described as having been a mixture of the pedant and beau; and from this individual he acquired many habits of thinking and expression, by no means amiable—in particular, a sarcastic way of treating the female sex. At twenty-one he wrote his *Essay on Criticism*, which excited universal admiration by the comprehensiveness of thought, the justness of the remarks, and the happiness of illustration, which were then attributed to it, though its merits in these respects have been held somewhat lower since. Of this poem it may be said that it at once describes, and is a very fair specimen of, what the wits of Queen Anne's reign were most captivated by—an epigrammatic turn of thought, and a happy appropriateness of expression. The following is one of the most admired passages:—

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong;  
In the bright music though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire.  
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,  
Not mend their minds; as, some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;  
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes  
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"  
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
The reader's threatened, not in vain, with "sleep;"  
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
Which like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

The dexterity with which the passages here marked in italics were made to exemplify the faults which they condemned, was greatly prized by the readers of those days; and it is allowed that these deformities were therefore banished from our literature. In 1711, when only twenty-three years of age, Pope wrote the two most beautiful of all his original poems—the *Rape of the Lock*, and the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*. The former of these is a heroic-comical poem in five short cantos, written originally as a mere piece of pleasantry for the amusement of a private circle, and referring to no other incident than the cutting away of a lock of hair from the tresses of a young lady, by a gentleman who desired it as a keepsake. In its original form, the poem described this incident with comparative brevity and simplicity; but the poet afterwards introduced into it what was called machinery—namely, a set of supernatural beings, who, like the heathen deities in the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, were employed in developing the plot and bringing it to a conclusion. The machinery adopted by Pope consisted of the sylphs and gnomes, good and evil genii, who were supposed by the Rosicrucian philosophers to direct the proceedings of human beings; and no kind of creatures could have been better adapted to enter into a story compounded, as this is, of airy fashionable frivolities. The lady whose loss gave rise to the poem, was Miss Arabella Fermor, whom Pope denominates *Belinda*; the lover was a Lord Petre; and the object of the poem was to suppress the quarrel which his lordship's felony had occasioned, not only between himself and his mistress, but between their respective families.

The *Rape of the Lock* contains more fancy than any of the other poems of its author, though it is exerted only on ludicrous and artificial objects. His *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, written at the same time, and his *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*, composed a few years later, are the only poems of Pope which contain much passion or deep feeling.

When Pope, in 1713, had reached the age of twenty-five, he found his reputation as a poet completely established. Being anxious to increase the small competence which he enjoyed through his father, he resolved to turn his fame to account by a translation of the *Iliad*, which he justly supposed would prove a profitable undertaking. The publication took place at intervals, but was completed in 1720, when the translator was only thirty-two. Pope's *Iliad* is not regarded as a faithful version of the original; it does not possess the simple majesty and unaffected grandeur of the heathen poet. Yet, while every succeeding attempt to copy these characteristics has failed, it must be allowed that Pope, in changing those qualities of the original, for his own brilliant and elaborate diction and elegance of description, has produced a

most fascinating work, and one that, in all probability, will not soon lose its popularity. Pope next undertook to translate the *Odyssey*, but twelve of the books were executed by his friends, Elijah Fenton and William Broome, to whom he gave a share of the profits. The two translations realised a very large sum, considering the rate at which literary labour was usually remunerated in those days.

From about the year 1715, Pope lived in easy circumstances in a villa at Twickenham, on the Thames, where he occasionally enjoyed the society of his friends, among whom were some of the most distinguished persons of the time, especially of the Tory party. Though a man of the most brilliant intellect, he did not enjoy a good temper, which may perhaps be partly attributed to, though it cannot be excused by, his sickly and deformed person. He was so weak, notwithstanding the supremacy he had gained in literature, as to write burlesque and satirical poems, for the purpose of throwing ridicule upon authors who possessed less ability than himself, and many of whom were too humble for notice of any kind. These attacks producing attacks in return, tended greatly to embitter a life, which is allowed, in other respects, to have exemplified many amiable virtues. His principal satirical poem is the *Dunciad*, in four books, published in 1729; a work in which there is now nothing to be seen but misdirected talent, and sentiments inconsistent with the character of a Christian author. He next composed, at the suggestion of Lord Bolingbroke, his celebrated metaphysical and moral poem, entitled an *Essay on Man*, in which he embodied, in four short epistles, a series of arguments respecting the human being, in relation to the universe, to himself, to society, and to the pursuit of happiness. Of this great performance (published in 1733) it is sufficient here to observe, that it gave an example of the poet's extraordinary power of managing argument in verse, and of compressing his thoughts into clauses of the most energetic brevity, as well as of expanding them into passages glittering with every poetic ornament. He afterwards published some *Imitations of the Satires and Epistles of Horace*, and *Moral Essays in four Epistles*—poems of a satirical cast, and exhibiting many striking views of human life and character. These, with a few short occasional pieces, complete the list of his poetical works. His letters, which, at a late period of life, he collected and gave to the world, are elegant and sprightly, but too evidently written for parade, to be perfectly agreeable specimens of epistolary composition. This illustrious poet died May 30, 1744, at the age of fifty-six.

The other poets of the reigns of Anne and George I., whose names are still remembered, rank much beneath Pope. The most distinguished is John Gay (1688—1732), a man of simple and amiable character, but gifted with strong powers of wit, and great knowledge of human character. His most popular poems are his *Fables*, which, in liveliness and point, have never been matched. His mock-heroic poem in three books, entitled *Trivia*, or the *Art of Walking the Streets of London*, was a very happy description of existing manners and customs; but his fame now mainly rests on *The Beggar's Opera*, produced in 1727, a play certainly very reprehensible on the score of morality, but which was so much admired for its music, and for the ridicule which it threw on the weak points of many human institutions, that it was acted sixty-three nights in succession, and has ever since continued to be a favourite with those who delight in theatrical representations. Jonathan Swift, though more eminent as a prose-writer, ranks among the poets of this age; his verses are chiefly of a satirical kind, referring to passing events and characters, and, with a few exceptions, are not now much read. Thomas Tickell, a contributor to the *Spectator*, was an elegant versifier, with somewhat more tenderness than his contemporaries. His ballad of *Colin and Lucy* is still popular, and one of the verses, in which the lovelorn maid prognosticates her approaching end, has perhaps fixed itself in more memories than any other stanza of the period:—

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

The moral tale of *The Hermit*, by Thomas Parnell, a native of Ireland, is another production of this age, which is still held in estimation. Nicolas Rowe, poet-laureate to George I., and the friend of Addison, is now less known as a miscellaneous poet than as a tragic dramatist. Elijah Fenton wrote some sprightly verses, and, as already mentioned, assisted Pope in translating the *Odyssey*. The poems of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, enjoyed much notice in their day, as lively imitations of the school of the Restoration, but are now totally overlooked. The works of Hughes, Pattison, Broome, Yalden, and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, though still permitted to encumber the collections of British poetry, are also entirely neglected by modern readers.

The age of Pope and Gay produced only one classic Scottish poet who wrote in his native language. It has been mentioned that, from the days of Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir George Mackenzie was the only Scotsman who attempted to cultivate English literature. It may be said, with the same truth, that, from the days of Captain Montgomery, Allan Ramsay was the first who wrote with success in the language more peculiarly belonging to the country. This poet was born in Lanarkshire in 1686, and entered life as a wig-maker in the city of Edinburgh, where he finally became a bookseller. The homely rhymes which had maintained an obscure existence from earlier times, and been recently practised with something like revived effect by poets named Sempie and Pennycook, were adopted and improved by Ramsay, who found further models in the poems of Butler, Dryden, and Pope. After producing some short pieces of considerable humour, he published, in 1726, his celebrated pastoral drama of *The Gentle Shepherd*, which has become the chief prop of his reputation. This drama depicts the rustles of Scotland in their actual characters, and the language of their everyday life, and yet without

any taint of vulgarity. It is full of fine cordial natural feeling, has some good descriptive passages, and turns on an event which irresistibly engages the sympathies of the reader. Ramsay also collected the popular songs of his native country, and was himself skilful in that department of poetic literature. After a very useful and honourable life, he died in 1758.—*From the History of the English Language and Literature, by R. Chambers; forming part of Chambers's Educational Course.*

#### JENNY AND THE WATCH.

IN some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one, until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan for securing the fidelity of a sweetheart, than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe, there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago. Jenny Symington, a well-favoured sprightly girl in a certain farmhouse in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighbouring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first-rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potato to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potato, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of the hungry onlookers.

Behold, then, the pot—a round gawky tripod—planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed round it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got bones in them." "Bones!" says another, "they're the finest bones ever I saw; they're made o' broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll snip nae mair o' them." With that, another produced a silver watch-case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers immediately ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denouement? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every eye was wondering where the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge of how it had found its way into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified; and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighbourhood that the family had found a watch in the potato pot; and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she had cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted

with the way the matter had been managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him:—"Now, Tam, ye ken very weel how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year's wages at Marti'mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awa me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Eastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope. However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard-won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us both happy for life." "And what may that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand head shepherd?" "I will take," said he, "yourself; but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. I will agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never more to be spoken of."

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the ploughing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potato pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. "Houts," said she, "that's an auld story now; the laird has been sae well pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost eight pounds in Jamie Lockie's, at the east port o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in a' the parish."

#### STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S., who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it, might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived, that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might, pretty certainly, realise a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning, a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shouts could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain, and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of my crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and, on ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble



to benefit a fellow-being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and, from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look; the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by long and scrutinising examination, satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlour of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale, and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and, desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind, without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day, on entering a *café*, I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of a British man-of-war. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered, but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance, and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of two hundred persons.

My pence of mind was gone for ever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went, that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony, whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors, I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair, while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in impatient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fantasy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds, but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with any

waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonising signals, boom! boom!"

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never yet saw I such anguish. He resumed, in a few moments, his account.

"This must soon end. I know I shall not survive many hours. I am dying of a raging fever, but I will have no advice or assistance. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this:—The whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the Bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall be at your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the Admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man; promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish?"

I gave him the promise which he desired, and left him.

That night Captain S. was no more.\*

#### TRADE-WINDS AND WATERSPOUTS.

The following account of these phenomena, is given in an entertaining small volume of an attractive appearance, for young people, called "Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky," just published by Darton and Clark, London:—

"To you, my little friends, who have always lived in a climate in which it seems as if the wind changed, and it became sunshiny or cloudy, wet or dry, cold or hot, without any law or regularity, it is something strange to hear of places where the inhabitants know almost to a day that the wind will blow constantly in one direction during so many months in the year, and constantly in some other direction during the rest; and where with equal certainty they know when to expect rain and when fine weather.

The winds that always blow in one direction are called the trade-winds, and those which blow in one direction regularly during a certain portion of the year, are called monsoons. They make navigation in some parts of the ocean very certain, and you cannot think how odd it seems to a young sailor the first time he sails in them. His life is then a lazy sort of life; there is no tacking about, but day after day he has nothing to do but just such things as might be done on land. Only imagine to yourselves an apparently stagnant and shoreless sea, often with unsightly masses of sea-weed floating on it, a sky constantly of a gloomy-looking red, and nothing to be seen day after day except this sky and sea; insupportable thirst and bad water to quench it, and the ship all the time rocking to and fro with a nasty dull motion, and the ropes and sails idly flapping against the masts and yards.

But though I have seen and felt all this, I cannot describe it to you so well as the poet, so I will give you his words.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,

Twice and as sad could be,  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody sun at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink.

Well! one morning when we were only a few leagues off the west coast of Africa, to the south of the Cape Verd Islands, we thought we were going to have just such a calm as the poet described. There had been a violent storm during the night, but every breath of wind had died away, and left a long sleepy swell upon the sea.

About nine o'clock, we noticed a cloud rising, or rather seeming to form, at some distance from us, and just below it a white spot of foam appeared on a little round space in a way that made me feel I don't know how, for I had never seen such a thing before. The cloud grew blacker and blacker, and presently seemed to move down towards the sea and swell out in the same direction, as if to provoke the waves below, which seemed straining up towards it.

There suddenly seemed to grow out of the middle of the spot of waves, a complete pillar of water of a tapering shape, and at the same moment the lower part of the cloud seemed to condense and turn to water, and shot downwards in a cone to meet it. They united and formed one pillar almost as distinct as if it had been of ice instead of water.

The size at the base must have been very large, not less than two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, but

\* The above story appears among the original contributions in the New York Mirror, for March 11, 1857, and it is from that source we quote it. The writer's name is unknown to us.

it tapered off so much that at the middle it was not more than three or four feet. Above the middle it increased in size, and its solidity seemed to get gradually less till it ended in a great black cloud. Its height might have been about seven hundred feet.

Its form changed considerably. It generally seemed as if it was composed of water sucked upwards in a spiral direction, and looked almost like a great cable; but now and then it looked like a simple hollow tube. Sometimes it inclined a little one way, and then another; and sometimes it was very considerably bent, and then suddenly straightened itself again. When the ship was nearest to it, we heard a noise from it like the rushing of a water-fall, and before it was over, heavy rain came on with lightning, but no thunder. The wind all the time was very unsteady, though it was not violent. While we were looking at it, two smaller ones formed at some distance under very nearly the same circumstances. One of them stood quite still for some seconds, and then disappeared; but the other moved steadily on in a straight line, for several minutes. The great one continued moving also very slowly for nearly half an hour, and then seemed to snap in two, and one half sunk rapidly into the sea as if it had been unhooked, and the other half remained hanging from the cloud for some time, and then curled upwards and disappeared, throwing down a heavy torrent of rain.

I have seen many water-spouts since, in my voyages over the great ocean, but have never been so struck with the appearance of any one as of this. There is a common notion that a cannon fired at a water-spout will disperse it, by making a great concussion of the air; but I do not think that this is true, unless the water-spout be very small. At all events, it was not true in this case, for we fired right at the large one several times, and it took no effect except in splashing the water about as the ball went through.

It is also generally imagined that they are very dangerous to ships, and if they come close that they throw such a quantity of water into them as to sink them. I have somewhere read an account of a vessel having once been put in danger by one off the coast of Guinea, and two or three of the men being washed overboard, and I once saw the sails and deck of a vessel made very wet by a small one myself. But my own opinion is, that there is not much to be dreaded in them, for they are not a solid mass of water, but merely condensed vapour in the form of a tube, with a hollow space in the middle. And I think if you were right under one of them, it would be no worse than very large drops of rain.

Once I saw a much smaller water-spout on land. It was a gusty, cloudy day, and the wind had changed several times; a dark cloud at some distance from where I was, swelled out downwards till it came nearly to a point. It seemed to reach about three-fourths of the distance from the cloud to the ground, and moved along slowly for about ten minutes. When I afterwards made inquiry of the people over whose houses it passed, they told me that it had let fall in its progress a tremendous quantity of rain, so as considerably to injure several houses.

I suppose you would now like me to tell you how the water-spouts are caused. I wish I could, for your sakes; and, besides, I should very much like to know myself. I have, however, a tolerable guess upon the subject, and that I will tell you of.

I dare say you have often seen little eddies of wind which take up dust, straw, and other light substances, and carry them up, twirling them round in a spiral direction like a cork-screw.

When these occur on a larger scale, they are called whirlwinds, and are often very destructive in their effects, unroofing houses, and doing various other mischief. They are sometimes occasioned by draughts of air being disturbed in their course by mountains, and meeting each other. But the largest are caused by two or more currents of wind, produced by what ordinarily influences the direction of the wind meeting from different quarters, and then twisting round each other just as two strings, with weights at their ends, would do if you swung them forcibly together so as to meet about the middle. A whirlwind occurred some years ago, near where I was living; it lasted about ten minutes, and produced some very curious effects. It first met with a milk-maid, who was carrying a pail of milk upon her head, and tore off her bonnet along with the pail, and carried both to a great distance, where they were not found till some days afterwards. It next twisted a waggon in pieces, and blew most of the fragments over a wall; it unroofed a house, and carried some of the tiles to a great distance; next it dashed through the window of the room where I was sitting, swept all the ornaments off the mantel-piece, and made strange havoc with some of the furniture. It then passed on to a neighbouring park, where it tore up several trees. The wind had not been extremely violent before, neither was it immediately afterwards.

Suppose a cloud happens to be exactly in the point of union of two currents of wind, meeting as they did in this whirlwind, it then becomes twisted in along with them, and partially condensed; and if it is over the land, this is all that seems necessary to form the water-spout. And if it happens to be over the sea, the wind, as it eddies round, works up the waves into a ferment, and much spray and foam is produced, which is twisted up with the whirlwind in the same manner as the cloud, and carried upwards to meet it.